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Is Canada important to the British Empire
from a Political and Domestic Standpoint?



**ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
THE TORONTO PACKING COMPANY'S
CHOICE FRUITS,
IN TINS AND BOTTLES.**

Apples, Peaches, Pears.

Apricots, Plums, Greengages,

Cherries, Strawberries, Raspberries,

Blackberries, Black Currants, Red Currants.

Also their Luscious Speciality in Sliced Pine Apple.

VEGETABLES.

French Sweet Peas,

Golden Wax Stringless Beans,

Choice Tomatoes, and

Golden Pumpkins.

See that each Package bears the "MISS CANADA" Brand.

25- May 174
J. Mcginn
Sep 18

mag 74
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J. Mappin

Miss Canada.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING recently wrote a poem in which he called the fair Dominion of Canada "Our Lady of the Snows." This well-meant, but ill-advised expression, has been severely criticised in the Colonial papers. One country editor concludes his remarks with a suggestion that "Kipling should be spanked with a Snowshoe." Others have put their views into verse, as follows :—

CANADA TO KIPLING.

The title is pretty, I grant you,
And I know you meant to be kind,
But I wish you could hit on another
Less risky, if you don't mind.
Of course, as implying my "whiteness,"
I modestly murmur "It goes,"
But I fear few will give that meaning
To "Our Lady of the Snows."

You see, there's a prevalent notion—
Which does me a grievous wrong—
That my climate is almost Arctic,
And my winters ten months long.
Perhaps that is your idea,
For it's widespread, goodness knows !
And this phrase will make it more so—
"Our Lady of the Snows." —J. W. BENGOUGH.

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"OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS."

A poet sung of a nation in words that were kindly meant,
And his song on ethereal pulses throughout the Empire went,
It breathed the Imperial spirit at which the bosom glows,
But he slurred the land that he fain had praised, as "Our
Lady of the Snows."

She has lands unknown to summer, but she keeps them for a
park
For such as find little Europe too small for ambition's mark.
She keeps them to pleasure Nansen, for a Franklin to repose,
But they lie remote from the marts and home of "Our Lady
of the Snows."

True, she has somewhere, sometime, winters when keen winds
bite,
And in the frosty heavens gleams the auroral light,
When in the drifted forest she counts the ringing blows
Of the axe that reaps a harvest for "Our Lady of the Snows."

But while the sturdy Briton still shivers in east winds,
The winter flees and the rivers no more the ice king binds,
And blossom calls upon blossom, & each its fair form shows,
In the land that is called by Kipling "Our Lady of the Snows."

She has woods of pine and maple, where England might be
lost ;
She has ports that are ever open to ships that are tempest
tossed ;
She has fields of wheat unbounded, where the whole horizon
glows,
And the hot sun laughs to hear her styled "Our Lady of
the Snows."

She has vineyards hanging heavy with clustering purple
and white,

And the velvet peach in its swaying nest fills the gardener
with delight.
She can pluck, if she will, at Yuletide, in the balmy air,
the rose,
And the people smile when they hear her called "Our Lady
of the Snows."

The wire that brought that message on lightning under the
sea
Had been too short to bear it to her furthest boundary.
Not by a flippant phrasing of catchword verse or prose,
Can the truth be told of the vast domain of "Our Lady of
the Snows." —ARTHUR WEIR, in "Montreal Star."

Canadian Products.

BESIDES an immense Export trade in Flour, Cheese, Butter, Eggs, and Canned Fish, all of which are well-known in England, Canada grows a large quantity of Fruit. Canadian Apples are now very much appreciated, and her Peaches, Plums, Pears, and Berries are equally nice. Not only so, but a large trade is now being done in Canned Tomatoes, Peas, French Beans, and other vegetables —indeed, there seems no limit to the possibilities of development in this direction. Canadian Beef, Mutton, Bacon, Hams, and Poultry are so like English, being fed as on our own English farms, that very few know the difference. And why should they care? Are not our Canadian brothers as British as we are, and their produce equal to our own?



The Children at Tea.

Clarice—Is not this Fruit lovely, children? The flavor is almost like fresh gathered.

Christine—Yes, I know how that is. These are from my dear old Canada. I see they are the "Miss Canada" Brand. You know mother used to bottle Fruit in Toronto like this. Who wants Jam when we can get Fruit?

Irene—These Peaches are nice!

Clarice—Yes, dear. Father says our Canadian Peaches are luscious; they are not quite so large as those grown in California, but of a richer flavour.

Rudolph—I like Apples, I do.

Christine—Ah! we know how to grow beautiful Apples in Canada. Father says the farmers take nearly as much care of their Fruit trees as most mothers do of their babies. Only fancy, they bind paper round the trunk of the trees and put tar on to keep the insects from the fruit.

Irene—Yes, these are nice. "Miss Canada" is just the right name for them.

Clarice—Do you know our Canadian friends are now "canning" and "bottling" all kinds of Berries, Plums, and Pears to send over here, so we shall be able to have fresh fruit very nearly all the year round.

Christine—Yes, and Tomatoes, Peas, and other vegetables.

Irene—What do you think? Father says he used to have Pumpkin Pie when he was a boy down in the South of England, and he has asked the "Miss Canada" people to "can" Pumpkins, and we are to have Pumpkin Pie whenever we like.

Rudolph—I want some Pumpkin Pie, please Tassie?

Clarice—You must wait till it is made, boy; but you may try this Pine Apple, children. How nice to have it sliced up so thin!

Christine—Yes, and it is lovely.

Clarice—Is it not very kind of our Canadian friends to make everything ready for use? Ladies have not to work so hard in Canada as they do in England.

Irene—Perhaps the English ladies won't work so hard soon. We must show them how easy it is to get up a nice tea without much work.

Rudolph—I could make pumpkin pies & cakes, too, I could.

Irene—So could I, boy, if I had some of our lovely White Canadian Flour and a cake of that Yeast that comes from Canada. What do they call it?

Clarice—The Flour, dear, is called The Imperial Prize Medal "Prairie Hen" Brand, and the Yeast the "Victoria." It is a round cake and makes lovely bread, but we don't use Yeast to make pie crust. I expect you could both eat the pies and cakes best. Perhaps mother will teach you how to make them some day. One does not want pies if we have lovely fruit like this, and a can of Canadian Lunch Tongue or Compressed Beef. You know Father says the Canadians do not boil all the nature out of their Beef before "canning" it, like some people do.

Christine—I like Tongue. I don't think you can have too much of "Miss Canada's" tongue.

Clarice—Father says we may some day have Venison and Rabbits in cans from North America. Won't that be splendid? I know a Canadian dish that is easily made and very nice. You need a little Maccaroni, some Cheese, and a Can of Tomatoes. Father says every housekeeper should keep an Imperial Prize Medal Cheddar Cheese, called "Canadian Stilton," and a can of Tomatoes in the house, as well as a little Maccaroni. You just boil some Maccaroni and put it into a buttered dish, then add a can of Tomatoes, mix well, season with pepper and salt, then add a little grated cheese and put it into the oven until a crust is formed.

Rudolph—I like Macwoni and Tomatoes, I do !!

Irene—We will make some for our next Christmas party.

Clarice—Some people are afraid to use canned Tomatoes, because they say there is something about the tins injurious to health, but I don't think so.

Irene—These Peaches don't taste injurious, any way !

Christine—Why can't they use something else instead of tins ?

Clarice—So they can, only it costs more money. Father says they are going to ship over such a lot of Peaches and Plums and other goodies next season in bottles.

Rudolph—I like "goodies" all the time !

Irene—So do I ! and I like Fruit in glass bottles instead of tins. What does it matter about costing more ?

Christine—I don't care if the Fruit is sent over in tins so long as it can be served in these dear little glass dishes. Let us call them "Miss Canada" dishes. This is like we use in Canada. Who would mix up Fruit with bread and butter on their plates, when they can get nice little dishes like this for about a penny each ?

Rudolph—I eat my Fruit with a spoon. Isn't it nice ?

Irene—What a pity that so many empty tin cans are thrown away ?

Clarice—The cans should not be thrown away. I know what they ought to do with them. Save them up and send them to General Booth for the poor people who have no work to do to make them into toys. Now, children, *Avez-vous fini ?*



The Boy's Anthem.

THE Bass was on his way to choir practice—rehearsal they call it now—with a big sheaf of Easter music under his arm. The streets were almost deserted, and it was wet and cold. There was a little snow on the ground, and the electric lights swayed two and fro in the wind and made uneven, undulating circles of brightness on the pavement.

The Bass had nearly reached the Cathedral when he became aware of a small attendant shadow that kept closely at his heels. He turned sharply. The shadow stopped and whimpered, with a knuckle to its eyes.

"Go away," said the Bass sternly, "I haven't any change."

"Chinge!" squeaked the shadow wrathfully. "I'm an Hinglishman, I am. Who arsked you fer chinge? Car'n a gent tike an evenin' promenade without bein' insulted? Keep your chinge—keep it fer yer supper."

"Well, what do you want?" said the Bass, amused, for the rags that decked the scarecrow flew loosely in the wind and gave him an elfish look.

"You can go arn now," said the battered little thing; "I ain't got no more use fer you."

"I don't see ——" began the Bass, rather bewildered.

"I don't mind informin' yer," interrupted the other with an air of generosity, "as you an' yer umbreller makes a werry respectable buffer for the wind." Them slim ones is no sorter satisfaction; gimme a big cove with a pair o' shoulders, an' I declare it's like walkin' down a bloomin' conservatory," and he shivered as a sudden blast nearly bore him off his sticks of legs.

"Are you cold then?" asked the Bass, pityingly.

"Am I cold? Am I a jibberin' ice-'ouse floatin' in an Arctic sea?"

The Bass was feeling in his pockets for some coppers, which were not forthcoming.

"Look here," he said suddenly, "come into the cathedral with me; it's warm in there at least."

The scarecrow came nearer and put one shaking hand on the young man's cuff.

"Sy, will the bloke tackle the ivories? Will he ply?"

"Why, yes, it's practice night; I dare say you can stay if you promise to be quiet."

"Sure, Mike; forge ahead!" and the two went on.

The cathedral was dimly lighted; the Gothic arches looked dim, and distant, and mysterious. The few lights in the chancel only served to emphasize its dimensions, and the organ was muttering out a pedal prelude that echoed somewhere in the darkness like the lost voice of the Bass.

The young man settled his charge near a register and went off with his music to join the choir.

"He is risen!"

As the soft staccato notes floated down to him, the boy clasped his blue hands and drew a long breath of mingled ecstasy and bronchitis.

"Alleluia! Alleluia!"

He stood up and, drawn by the music, slipped up the aisle, nearer and nearer the source of those exquisite sounds. The Bass turned and saw him on the chancel steps and signalled to him to go back, and he crept away into the darkness again. When the practice was over the boy had fled.

After this he always lay in wait for the Bass and accompanied him to the Cathedral, sometimes carrying his music.

"Sy, couldn't I sing with them other fellers?" he asked one night.

"I'm afraid not," said the Bass kindly.

"Couldn't the cove wot slings the stoppers make me sing?"

"No, I don't think he could."

"Well, look ahere, there's one plice too many in that choir act; couldn't I wear a white flapper an' sit in it?"

"Too bad, boy;" there's a new chorister coming for Easter and the seat will be filled up. The boy sighed and said no more."

Easter morning dawned fair and clear. The great church was buried in flowers and the air was heavy with their perfume. The Bass felt a new reverence as he took his place among the white blossoms in the stalls. He wished that the boy had been there to see and hear, for the new chorister had not come and the seat was empty after all.

And now it was time for the Boy's Anthem, and the rest of the choir sat down.

"He is risen, He is risen?"

The Bass rubbed his eyes. Directly before him stood what had been the empty seat, empty no longer—for there, resplendent in a fresh, white "flapper," stood the boy singing his heart out.

"The night is gone, the dawn is here!"

Their eyes met, and the Bass leaned back with a sick feeling of unreality, his leaf fluttering from his hand. The lad nodded to him, his voice rose higher and higher—clearer and sweeter—up—up—quivered a moment against the very gate of heaven—and stopped. Again the Bass leaned forward, but the stall was empty."

"You were asleep all through the boy's anthem," said the Bass's chum as they went home together.

"Perhaps I was," replied the Bass gravely, for he said to himself,

"If the boy comes again, it must have been a dream; if not——?"

But the boy never came.

TORONTO, April, 1897.

How Funny !!

JUST before a dinner given in honour of a Colonial magnate, a young dandy, whose chief claim to distinction seemed to be the height of his collar and an eyeglass, addressing a stranger, said :—

"Beastly nuisance, isn't it? Spoke to that fellah over there—took him for a gentleman—and found he had a ribbon on his coat. Some blessed head waiter, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," replied the other, "that is the guest of the evening."

"Hang it all, now, is it?" said the other. "Look here, old fellow; as you know everybody, would you mind sitting next me at dinner and telling me who everyone is?"

"I should like to very much," replied the other; "but, you see, I can't—I'm the blessed head waiter!"



"Uncle, which breed of chickens is the best?" "Well, sah, de white ones is the easiest found, an' de dahk ones is the easiest hid after yo' gits 'em."



They were at a picnic. "You see," he explained, as he showed her the wishbone of a chicken at luncheon, "you take hold here and I'll take hold here. Then we must both make a wish and pull; and, when it breaks, the one who has the larger part of it will have his or her wish gratified." "But I don't know what to wish for," she protested. "Oh, you can think of something," he said. "No, I can't," she replied; "I can't think of anything I want very much." "Well, I'll wish for you," he exclaimed. "Will you, really?" she asked. "Yes." "Well, then, there's no use fooling with the old wishbone," she interrupted, with a glad smile; "you can have me." If you would avoid such serious consequences when providing for a pic-nic, take "Miss Canada" Brand of Boneless Chicken!!

Canada's Comeliest City,

Sun-Kissed Smiling Toronto.

EXTRACTS of a Report by MR. BECKLES
WILLSON, Travelling Correspondent of the
London Daily Mail :—

TORONTO—pearl of cities! of matchless women and pallid men—of buxom streets and dainty architecture—at once the most English and the most American of Canadian cities.

Toronto is the most beautiful city in North America. It is as artistic as Boston without Boston's compression; it is as clean and open as Philadelphia without Philadelphia's diffusion. Its public and private buildings—its "sky scrapers" have an architectural unity which Chicago and New York cannot boast; and Toronto has done what no other city of 200,000 inhabitants has done—more than doubled its population in ten years.

Yet Toronto is a gay city. I know no other word to express it. It bears no marks of wear, of use, of crime, of passion, of poverty. It is a city without slums and without noise. Toronto contains one church for every eight hundred of her inhabitants, which I am given to understand is a greater percentage of churches than any other city in the world possesses.

At seven o'clock on Saturday night the saloons and bar-rooms close—and yet no riot ensues. "Robbing the poor man of his beer" is no shibboleth in a place where rich and poor alike drink water.

Toronto is the centre, commercially, religiously, and educationally, as well as politically, of the opulent province of Ontario.

The women of Toronto are the prettiest and best dressed

on the American continent. The apparently eternal sunshine with which the city is bathed tempts them out of doors, and it is as much as an average wayfarer can do to make his way through the throngs of pedestrians which fill King and Queen and Yonge Streets.

Apropos of sunshine, I should like to present Londoners with a few figures dealing with this commodity. I have been told that the total number of sunshiny days last year in London was 61. In Toronto it was 196. The number of hours of sunshine in Milan in the month of March was 293 ; in Toronto it was 369, rising in June to 470. The average number of cloudy days per month is less than five, and for several years there have been none at all in June, July and August. As to the temperature of the winter of 1896, Londoners would be surprised to hear that in January last not a fleck of snow was to be seen. The Riviera could not do better than that.



A wealthy young English lawyer is said to have spent two days and nights over one case, and at the end of that time could not tell which side he was on. It was a case of champagne. Toronto lawyers take fruit !!



A United Empire.

NOT many years since, leading statesmen of both parties in England were earnestly enquiring how to federate the British Empire. And Imperial Federation, based largely upon kinship and sentiment, was inaugurated as "a first step." Colonial branches of the League followed with considerable success. Having served its purpose, the League died a natural death. But the sentiment lives, and grows stronger daily. The recent Jubilee demonstrations confirmed this fact beyond a doubt.

The Colonial tariff against the Mother Country and Foreigner alike has been misunderstood in England. There can be no doubt about the recent action of Canada's present government--whose photograph hangs on the walls beside the Queen of our great and world-wide Empire in the picture with the Children at Tea given herewith. Led by the wise and far-seeing statesman and silver-tongued orator, Sir Wilfred Laurier, Canada has set the Empire a noble example by admitting British merchandise into the Dominion at a much lower duty than from foreign nations who shut out British goods by hostile tariffs. "Miss Canada" has often been woo'd by her neighbours, but prefers independence under her Queen mother. For her loyalty

love, and devotion she only asks a preference for her products, which she guarantees shall be the best she can produce.

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THE IMPERIAL PRODUCE COMPANY,

LIMITED,

TORONTO, CANADA,

WERE AWARDED

— FIRST PRIZE —

(HIGHEST AWARD GIVEN),

FOR

**“Imperial” Canadian Cheese, Bacon, Butter,
Eggs, Lard, Canned Fruit, Vegetables, &c.,**

AT THE

British & Colonial Exhibition, Manchester,

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1894,

AND THE

G O L D M E D A L

AT THE

Industrial Exhibition, Manchester, 1895.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Five Guineas will be given to the Young Lady or Gentleman, under the age of 21 years, who writes the Best Essay or Poem upon the following subject :—

“ Is Canada a Land of Sunshine or Snow ? ”

Five Guineas will be given to the Young Lady or Gentleman, under the age of 21 years, who writes the Best Essay or Poem upon the following subject :—

“ How is Canada important to the British Empire both from a political and domestic standpoint ? ”

Each Essay must be written upon a single sheet of Note-paper bearing the name of the writer, with full address and age, and be sent to “The Imperial Produce Company, Ltd.,” care of “Toronto,” Newsham Park, Liverpool, by post (prepaid), not later than 14th December next, along with six of “Miss Canada” or other Trade Marks, cut from

“ Miss Canada ” Canned Goods Labels.

” ” Butter, Bacon, or Ham Labels.

Imperial Prize Medal Stilton Cheese Labels.

Canadian Victoria Yeast Labels.

Imperial “Prairie Hen” Flour or Oatmeal Labels.

No Essays (or Poems) will be returned, but will be the property of the Company. If printed, no names will be published except those of the prize winners, whose contributions will appear in the “London Grocers’ Gazette” and “Manchester Grocers’ Journal” in their first issue in January, under the name or *nom-de-plume* of contributor. Competitors are not limited to a single effort on either subject, providing the necessary labels are sent with each contribution.

P. BYRNE, Esq., agent for the Ontario Government, and A. F. JURY, Esq., Canadian Government Agent, Liverpool, have consented to act as Judges, whose decision will be final.

" MISS CANADA " LUXURIES,

Suitable for Rich and Poor.

TORONTO PACKING COMPANY'S

**Choice Lunch Tongue. Choice Compressed Corned Beef
Boiled Beef, Roast Beef.**

Boiled Mutton, Roast Mutton.

Turkey, Duck, Chicken, Goose.

Rabbit, Baked Pork and Beans.

- - - Lobster, Salmon.

**" Victoria " Brand Pure Canadian Yeast, in Round
Tablets, the Easiest to Use and the Best.**

Imperial Prize Medal Stilton Cheese.

**Mild Cured Hams and Bacon, equal to home cured,
each in cloth, and labelled " Miss Canada " Brand.**

" Miss Canada " Creamery Butter in 1lb. Rolls.

**Imperial " Prairie Hen " Brand Canadian Flour
and Oatmeal.**

Exporters :

**THE IMPERIAL PRODUCE Co., Ltd.,
TORONTO, CANADA.**

**Sold Wholesale by leading Merchants, and Retail by
all First-Class Family Grocers and Italian Warehousemen.**

Luscious Fruits of Sunny Canada.



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FROM THE FARMS
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